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TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

ICE,—WITH POETS UPON IT.

It is related of an Emperor of Morocco, that some unfortunate traveller having thought to get into his good graces by telling him of the wonders of other countries, and exciting, as he proceeded, more and more incredulity in the imperial mind, finished, as he imagined, his delightful climax of novelties, by telling him, that in his native land, at certain seasons of the year, people could walk and run upon the water; upon which such indignation seized his majesty, that, exclaiming, "Such a liar as this is not fit to live!" he whipped off the poor man's head with his scymitar.

It is a pity that some half dozen captives had not been present, from other northern regions, to give the monarch's perplexity a more salutary turn, by testifying to similar phenomena; as, how you drove your chariot over the water,—how lumps of water came rolling down-hill like rocks; and how you chopped, not only your stone-hard meat, but your stone-hard drink,—holding a pound of water between pincers, and pelting a fellow with a gill of brandy instead of a stone. For such things are in Russia and Tartary; where, furthermore, a man shall have half a yard of water for his beard; throw a liquid up in the air, and catch it a substance; and be employed in building houses made of water, for empresses to sit in and take supper. Catherine the Second had one.

"It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice;"

thus realizing Mr Coleridge's poetical description of the palace of Kubla Khan.

Many a natural phenomenon is as poetical as this, and adjusts itself into as imaginative shapes and lights. Fancy the meeting an island-mountain of green or blue ice, in a sunny sea, moving southwards, and shedding fountains from its sparkling sides! The poet has described the icicle,

"Quietly shining to the quiet moon:"

But the icicle (so to speak) described itself first to the poet. Water, when it begins to freeze, makes crystals of itself; the snow is all stars or feathers, or takes the shape of flowers upon your window; and the extreme of solemn grandeur as well as of fairy elegance is to be found in the operations of frost. In Switzerland gulfs of petrified billows are formed in whole vallies by the descent of ice from the mountains, its alternate thawing and freezing, and the ministry of the wind. You stand upon a crag, and see before you wastes of icy solitude, looking like an ocean heaven-struck in the midst of its fury, and fixed for ever. Not another sight is to be seen, but the ghastly white mountains that surround it;—not a sound to be heard, but of under-currents of water breaking away, or the thunders of falling ice-crag, or, perhaps, the scream of an eagle. 'Tis as if you

saw the world before heat moved it,—the rough materials of the masonry of creation.

"Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,
Mont Blanc appears, still, snowy, and serene—
Its subject-mountains their unearthly forms
Pile round it, ice and rock; broad vales between
Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,
Blue as the overhanging heav'n, that spread
And wind among the accumulated steep's;
A desert, peopled by the storms alone."

SHELLEY.

On the other hand, what is more prettily beautiful than the snow above mentioned, or the hoar-frost upon the boughs of a tree, like the locks of Spenser's old man,

("As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak half dead,")

or the spectacle (in the verses quoted below) of a Northern garden,

"Where through the ice the crimson berries glow."

Our winters of late have been very mild; and most desirable is it, for the poor's sake, that they should continue so, if the physical good of the creation will allow it. But when frost and ice come, we must make the best of them; and Nature, in her apparently severest operations, never works without some visible mixture of good, as well as a great deal of beauty (itself a good). Cold weather counteracts worse evils: the very petrification of the water furnishes a new ground for sport and pastime. Then in every street the little boys find a gliding pleasure, and the sheet of ice in the pond or river spreads a joyous floor for skaters. We touched upon this the other day in a "Now;" but now we have the satisfaction of being able to quote some fine verses of Mr Wordsworth's on the subject, which we happened not to have by us at the moment. They are taken from a new edition of Mr Hine's judicious and valuable 'Selections' from that fine poet, just published by Mr Moxon. They are the more interesting, inasmuch as they show Mr Wordsworth to be a skater himself,—no mean reason for his being able to write so vigorously.

"SKATING."

—In the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
The cottage windows through the twilight blazed,
I heeded not the summons:—happy time
It was indeed for all of us; for me
It was a time of rapture!—clear and loud
The village clock toll'd six—I wheel'd about,
Proud and exulting like an untired horse,
That cares not for his home.—All shod with steel,

We hiss'd along the polish'd ice in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
The pack loud bellowing, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle; with the din

Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud.
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron, while the distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the West
The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay,—or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous
throng
To cut across the reflex of a star,
Image, that, flying still before me, gleam'd
Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning
still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopp'd short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheel'd by me—even as if the earth had roll'd /
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watch'd
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea."

Better for great poets to write in this manner, and show Nature's kindness in the midst of what might seem otherwise, than to do as Dante and Milton have done, and add the tortures of frost and ice to the horrors of superstition. Be never their names, however, mentioned without reverence. The progress of things may have required at their hands what we can smile at now as a harmless terror of poetry. With what fine solid lines Milton always "builds" his verse:—

Beyond this flood * a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile, or else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound, as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damietta and Mount Casius old,
Where armies' whole have sunk.† The parching air
Burns froze, and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither, by harpy-footed furies hal'd,
At certain revolutions, all the damned
Are brought, and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infixed, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.‡

* The river of Oblivion.

† "Serbonis" says Hume (not the Historian, but the commentator on Milton), "was a lake of 200 furlongs in length and 1000 in compass, between the ancient mountain Casius and Damietta, a city of Egypt, on one of the more eastern mouths of the Nile. It was surrounded on all sides by hills of loose sand, which, carried into the water by high winds, so thickened the lake, as not to be distinguished from part of the continent, where whole armies have been swallowed up. Read 'Herodotus,' lib. iii., and 'Lucan's Pharsalia,' viii. 539, &c. Todd's edition of 'Milton,' vol. ii. p. 47.

‡ We add another note or two from Mr Todd's 'Milton,' to show what pleasant reading there is in these Variorum

We will take the taste of the bitter-cold barbarity of this passage out of the reader's heart by plunging him into the "warm South," with its good-natured sunshine, where, when he has basked enough in some noon of heat, vine-leaves, and brown laughing faces, so as to make the idea of cold pleasant to him again, and his eye turn wistfully to those snow-topped mountains yonder, cooling the blue burning air, let him refresh his wine with the Bacchus of the Italian poet Redi:—

ICE NECESSARY TO WINE.

Col topazio pigiato in Lamporecchio,
Ch' è famoso Castel per quel Masetto,
A' inghirlandar le tazze or m' apparecchio,
Purchè gelato sia, e sia puretto,
Gelato, quale alla stagion del' gielo
Il più freddo Aquilon fischia pel cielo.
Cantinette, e cantimplore
Stieno in pronto a tutte l'ore
Con forbite bombolette
Chiuse e strette tra le brino
Delle nevi cristalline.
Son le nevi il quinto elemento
Che compongono il vero bere:
Ben è folle chi spera ricevere
Senza nevi nel bere un contento:
Venga pur la Vallombrosa
Neve a josa;
Venga pur la ogni bioccea
Neve in chiocca;
E voi, Satiri, lasciate
Tante frottole, e tanti riboboli,
E del ghiaccio mi portate
Della grotta del Monte di Boboli.
Con alti picchi
Dè mazzapicchi
Dirompetelo,
Sgretolatelò,
Infragnetelo,
Stritolatelò,
Finchè tutto si possa risolvere
In minuta freddissima polvere,
Che mi renda il ber più fresco
Per rinfresco del palato,
Or ch' io son mortoassetato.

Bacco in Toscana.

You know Lamporecchio, the castle renowned
For the gardener so dumb, whose works did
abound;
There's a topaz they make there; pray let it go
round.
Serve, serve me a dozen,

editions, and to recommend them to more general attention. A great poet cannot be too thoroughly studied:—

"This circumstance of the damned suffering the extremes of heat and cold by turns, seems to be founded upon Job xxiv, 19, not as it is in the English translation, but in the vulgar Latin version, which Milton often used, 'Ad nimum calorem transeat ab aquis nivium'; Let him pass to excessive heat from waters of snow." And so Jerome and other commentators understand it. The same punishments after death are mentioned by Shakspeare, 'Measure for Measure,' act iii. sc. i.—

—'and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice.'"

—BISHOP NEWTON.

"This circumstance of the damned's feeling the fierce extremes is also in Dante, 'Inferno,' c. iii. 86.

'I veggio per menarvi all'altra riva
Nelle tenebre eterne, in caldo e'n gielo.'
(I come to lead thee to the other shore
Of the eternal glooms, through heat and ice.)

See also the 'Purgatorio,' c. iii. 31. So, in 'Songs and Sonnets,' by Lord Surrey, and others, 1587, fol. 83.—

'The soules that lacked grace,
Which lie in bitter pain,
Are not in such a place
As foolish folk do fayne:
Tormented all with fire,
And boyle in lead again—
Then cast in frozen pits
To freeze there certain hours.'

And in 'Heywood's Hierarchie of Angels,' 1635, p. 345:—

'And suffer as they sinned, in wrath, in paines
Of frosts, of fires, of furies, whips, and chains.'

In the preceding quotation from 'Surrey's Songs and Sonnets,' there is evidently a sneer at the monks, from whose legendary hell, according to Mr Wharton, the punishment by cold derives its origin.—TODD.

But let it be frozen;

Let it be frozen and finished with ice,
And see that the ice be as virginly nice,
As the coldest that whistles from wintery skies.
Coolers and cellarets, crystal with snows,
Should always hold bottles in ready repose.
Snow is good liquor's fifth element;

No compound without it can give content:
For weak is the brain, and I hereby scout it,
That thinks in hot weather to drink without it.
Bring me heaps from the Shady Valley,*:

Bring me heaps
Of all that sleeps
On every village hill and alley.
Hold there, you satyrs,
Your beard-shaking chatters,
And bring me ice duly, and bring it me doubly,
Out of the grotto of Monte di Boboli.

With axes and pickaxes,
Hammers and rammers,
Thump it and hit it me,
Crack it and crash it me,
Hew it and split it me,
Pound it and smash it me,
Till the whole mass (for I'm dead-dry, I think)
Turns to a cold, fit to freshen my drink.

Bacchus in Tuscany.

Ice is such a luxury in the South of Europe, and has become also such a necessity, that in some places a dearth of it is considered the next thing to a want of bread. To preach tortures of ice at Naples, would be the counterpart of the mistake of the worthy missionary, who was warned how he said too much of the reverse kind of punishment to the Laplanders. Dante was a native of Florence, where they have winters hard enough; and where, by the way, during its delightful summers, we have eaten, for a few pence, ice-cream enough to fill three of our silver-costing glasses in England. They bring it you in goblets. The most refreshing beverage we ever drank, was a Florentine lemonade, made with fresh lemons (off the tree), sweetened with capillaire, and floating with ice.

But, if it were not for our subject, we ought to keep these summer reminiscences for next August. We conclude with a proper winter picture, painted by one who has been thought (and is, compared with great ones) a very small poet, (Ambrose Phillips), but who had a vein of truth in all he wrote, which would have obtained him more esteem in an age of poets, than it did in an age of wits. Good-natured Steele, however, discerned his merits; and the poem before us, which Steele inserted in the 'Tatler,' was admired by them all. It was too new in its localities, and too evidently drawn from nature, not to please them; and was, furthermore, addressed to, and patronized by a wit—the Earl of Dorset.

A NORTHERN WINTER.

Copenhagen, March 9, 1700.

From frozen climes, and endless tracks of snow,
From streams that northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how so near the Pole attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects that to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flow'ry plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
Nor birds within the desert region sing.
The ships unmov'd the boisterous winds defy
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day,
The starving wolves along the main sea prow,
And to the moon in icy vallies howl.
For many a shining league, the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:

* Vallombrosa, which an Englishman may call *Milton's* Vallombrosa. The convent is as old as the time of Ariosto, who celebrates the monks for their hospitality.

There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet, but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds began through hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose;
And the descending rain unsully'd froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes:
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn seem'd wrought in glass.
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds the watery marshes yield
Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field.
The stag in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
That wave and glitter in the distant sun.
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies:
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends;
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees.
Like some deluded peasant Merlin leads
Thro' fragrant bowers, and thro' delicious meads;
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue;
And while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear:
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. III.—MACBETH.

(Concluded from last week.)

In speaking of the character of Lady Macbeth, we ought not to pass over Mrs Siddons's manner of acting that part. We can conceive of nothing grander. It was something above nature. It seemed almost as if a being of a superior order had dropped from a higher sphere to awe the world with the majesty of her appearance. Power was seated on her brow, passion emanated from her breast as from a shrine; she was tragedy personified. In coming on in the sleeping-scene, her eyes were open, but their sense was shut. She was like a person bewildered and unconscious of what she did. Her lips moved involuntarily—all her gestures were involuntary and mechanical. She glided on and off the stage like an apparition. To have seen her in that character was an event in every one's life, not to be forgotten.

The dramatic beauty of the character of Duncan, which excites the respect and pity even of his murderers, has been often pointed out. It forms a picture of itself. An instance of the author's power of giving a striking effect to a common reflection, by the manner of introducing it, occurs in a speech of Duncan, complaining of his having been deceived in his opinion of the Thane of Cawdor, at the very moment that he is expressing the most unbounded confidence in the loyalty and services of Macbeth.

"There is no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute trust.
O worthiest cousin,
(addressing himself to Macbeth)
The sin of my ingratitude e'en now
Was great upon me," &c.

Another passage to shew that Shakspeare lost

"ight of nothing that could in any way give relief or heightening to his subject, is the conversation which takes place between Banquo and Flenca, immediately before the murder-scene of Duncan.

"*Banquo.* How goes the night, boy?

Flenca. The moon is down: I have not heard the clock.

Banquo. And she goes down at twelve.

Flenca. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Banquo. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heav'n,
Their candles are all out.—

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful Powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose."

In like manner, a fine idea is given of the gloomy coming on of evening, just as Banquo is going to be assassinated.

"Light thickens and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood."

"Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn."

Macbeth (generally speaking) is done upon a stronger and more systematic principle of contrast than any other of Shakspeare's plays. It moves upon the verge of an abyss, and is a constant struggle between life and death. The action is desperate, and the re-action is dreadful. It is a huddling together of fierce extremes, a war of opposite natures, which of them shall destroy the other. There is nothing but what has a violent end or violent beginnings. The lights and shades are laid on with a determined hand; the transitions from triumph to despair, from the height of terror to the repose of death, are sudden and startling; every passion brings in its fellow-contrary, and the thoughts pitch and jostle against each other as in the dark. The whole play is an unruly chaos of strange and forbidden things, where the ground rocks under our feet. Shakspeare's genius here took its full swing, and trod upon the farthest bounds of nature and passion. This circumstance will account for the abruptness and violent antitheses of the style, the throes and labour which run through the expression, and from defects will turn them into beauties. "So fair and foul a day I have not seen," &c. "Such welcome and unwelcome news together." "Men's lives are like the flowers in their caps, dying or ere they sicken." "Look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it." The scene before the castle gate follows the appearance of the Witches on the heath, and is followed by a midnight murder; Duncan is cut off betimes by treason leagued with witchcraft; and Macduff is ripped untimely from his mother's womb to avenge his death. Macbeth, after the death of Banquo, wishes for his presence in extravagant terms, "To him and all we thirst," and, when his ghost appears, cries out, "Avaunt and quit my sight," and being gone, he is "himself again." Macbeth resolves to get rid of Macduff, that "he may sleep in spite of thunder;" and cheers his wife on the doubtful intelligence of Banquo's taking-off with the encouragement—"Then be thou jocund: ere the bat has flown his cloistered flight; ere to black Hecate's summons the shard-born beetle has rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done—a deed of dreadful note." In Lady Macbeth's speech, "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done 't," there is murder and filial piety together, and in urging him to fulfil his vengeance against the defenceless king, her thoughts spare the blood neither of infants nor old age. The description of the Witches is full of the same contradictory principle; they "rejoice when good kings bleed," they are neither of the earth nor the air, but both; "they should be women, but their beards forbid it:" they take all the pains possible to lead Macbeth on to the height of his ambition, only to betray him in deeper consequence, and after showing him all the pomp of their art, discover their malignant delight in his dis-

appointed hopes, by that bitter taunt, "Why stands Macbeth thus amazedly?" We might multiply such instances everywhere.

The leading features in the character of Macbeth are striking enough, and they form what may be thought at first only a bold, rude, Gothic outline. By comparing it with other characters of the same author, we shall perceive the absolute truth and identity which is observed in the midst of the giddy whirl and rapid career of events. Macbeth in Shakspeare no more loses his identity of character in the fluctuations of fortune or the storm of passion, than Macbeth in himself would have lost the identity of his person. Thus he is as distinct a being from Richard III as it is possible to imagine, though these two characters in common hands, and indeed in the hands of any other poet, would have been a repetition of the same general idea, more or less exaggerated. For both are tyrants, usurpers, murderers, both aspiring and ambitious, both courageous, cruel, treacherous. But Richard is cruel from nature and constitution. Macbeth becomes so from accidental circumstances. Richard is from his birth deformed in body and mind, and naturally incapable of good. Macbeth is full of "the milk of human kindness," is frank, sociable, generous. He is tempted to the commission of guilt by golden opportunities, by the instigations of his wife, and by prophetic warnings. Fate and metaphysical aid conspire against his virtue and his loyalty. Richard, on the contrary, needs no prompter, but wades through a series of crimes to the height of his ambition from the ungovernable violence of his temper and a reckless love of mischief. He is never gay but in the prospect or in the success of his villainies: Macbeth is full of horror at the thoughts of the murder of Duncan, which he is with difficulty prevailed on to commit, and of remorse after its perpetration. Richard has no mixture of common humanity in his composition, no regard to kindred or posterity, he owns no fellowship with others, he is "himself alone." Macbeth is not destitute of feelings of sympathy, is accessible to pity, is even made in some measure the dupe of his uxoriousness, ranks the loss of friends, of the cordial love of his followers, and of his good name, among the causes which have made him weary of life, and regrets that he has ever seized the crown by unjust means, since he cannot transmit it to his posterity—

"For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind—
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings."

In the agitation of his thoughts, he envies those whom he has sent to peace. "Duncan is in his grave; after life's fitful fever he sleeps well."—It is true, he becomes more callous as he plunges deeper in guilt, "direness is thus rendered familiar to his slaughterous thoughts," and he in the end anticipates his wife in the boldness and bloodiness of his enterprises, while she, for want of the same stimulus of action, is "troubled with thick-coming fancies that rob her of her rest," goes mad and dies. Macbeth endeavours to escape from reflection on his crimes by repelling their consequences, and banishes remorse for the past by the meditation of future mischief. This is not the principle of Richard's cruelty, which resembles the wanton malice of a fiend as much as the frailty of human passion. Macbeth is goaded on to acts of violence and retaliation by necessity; to Richard, blood is a pastime.—There are other decisive differences inherent in the two characters. Richard may be regarded as a man of the world, a plotting, hardened knave, wholly regardless of everything but his own ends, and the means to secure them—Not so Macbeth. The superstitions of the age, the rude state of society, the local scenery and customs, all give a wildness and imaginary grandeur to his character. From the strangeness of the events that surround him, he is full of amazement and fear; and stands in doubt between the world of reality and the world of fancy. He sees sights not shown to mortal eye, and hears unearthly music. All is tumult and disorder within and without his mind; his purposes recoil upon himself, are broken and disjointed; he is the double

thrall of his passions and his evil destiny. Richard is not a character either of imagination or pathos, but of pure self-will. There is no conflict of opposite feelings in his breast. The apparitions which he sees only haunt him in his sleep; nor does he live like Macbeth in a waking dream. Macbeth has considerable energy and manliness of character; but then he is "subject to all the skye influences." He is sure of nothing but the present moment. Richard in the busy turbulence of his projects never loses his self-possession, and makes use of every circumstance that happens as an instrument of his long-reaching designs. In his last extremity can we only regard him as a wild beast taken in the toils: we never intirely lose our concerns for Macbeth; and he calls back all our sympathy by that fine close of thoughtful melancholy,

"My way of life is fallen into the sear,
The yellow leaf; and that which should accom-
pany old age,
As honour, troops of friends, I must not look to
have;
But in their stead, curses not loud but deep,
Mouth-honour, breath, which the poor heart
Would fain deny, and dare not."

We can conceive a common actor to play Richard tolerably well; we can conceive no one to play Macbeth properly, or to look like a man that had encountered the Weird Sisters. All the actors that we have ever seen, appear as if they had encountered them on the boards of Covent Garden or Drury Lane, but not on the heath at Forres, and as if they did not believe what they had seen. The Witches of Macbeth indeed are ridiculous on the modern stage, and we doubt if the Furies of Æschylus would be more respected. The progress of manners and knowledge has an influence on the stage, and will in time perhaps destroy both tragedy and comedy. Filch's picking pockets in the Beggars' Opera is not so good a jest as it used to be: by the force of the police and of philosophy, Lillo's murders and the ghosts in Shakspeare will become obsolete. At last, there will be nothing left, good nor bad, to be desired or dreaded, on the theatre or in real life. A question has been started with respect to the originality of Shakspeare's Witches, which has been well answered by Mr Lamb in his notes to the 'Specimens of Early Dramatic Poetry.'

"Though some resemblance may be traced between the charms in Macbeth, and the incantations in this play (the Witch of Middleton), which is supposed to have preceded it, this coincidence will not detract much from the originality of Shakspeare. His Witches are distinguished from the Witches of Middleton by essential differences. These are creatures to whom man or woman, plotting some dire mischief, might resort for occasional consultation. Those originate deeds of blood, and begin bad impulses to men. From the moment that their eyes first meet with Macbeth's he is spell-bound. That meeting sways his destiny. He can never break the fascination. These Witches can hurt the body; those have power over the soul.—Hecate in Middleton has a son, a low buffoon: the hags of Shakspeare have neither child of their own, nor seem to be descended from any parent. They are foul anomalies, of whom we know not whence they are sprung, nor whether they have beginning or ending. As they are without human passions, so they seem to be without human relations. They come with thunder and lightning, and vanish to airy music. This is all we know of them.—Except Hecate, they have no names, which heightens their mysteriousness. The names, and some of the properties which Middleton has given to his hags, excite smiles. The Weird Sisters are serious things. Their presence cannot co-exist with mirth. But, in a lesser degree, the Witches of Middleton are fine creations. Their power too is, in some measure, over the mind. They raise jars, jealousies, strifes, like a thick scurf o'er life."

THE WEEK.

Our present week is as barren of birth-days, as the last was otherwise. The date assigned to that of Ben Jonson in some of the 'Almanacs,' is a mistake. He was born, not on the 31st of January, but on the 11th of June. So say, at least, all the lives of him that we are acquainted with; some of them adding, that he has said so himself; though we cannot find where. Have the 'Almanacs' got any intelligence later than Chalmers?

As severe weather is to be expected about this time (if we are to have any at all), we take the opportunity of inserting the following pleasant verses which have been sent us by a Reader, and which we like for many reasons: first, because of their own merit; second, because of the Scottish dialect, which is an old favourite of ours, ever since we read 'Allan Ramsay' (we really believe that archness and good sense never go so well together in a song, as when it is written in Scotch); third, because of their seasonable and hearty logic; and fourth, because our Correspondent is candid enough to tell us they have been published before, though in a periodical not likely to have forestalled many of our English readers:—

A NEW POEM,

IN THE SCOTTISH TONGUE,

SHOWING HOW WINTER CALLED ON AN INHABITANT OF EDINBURGH, AND HOW THEY CONVERSED TOGETHER.

THE AUTHORS OF THE 'ODD VOLUME.

I.

Ae night as I sat in the gloaming,
Girning at wife and bairns gaen roaming,
About the town;
The storm howled on wi' sic a din,
I thought the house and a' within,
Was coming down.

II.

The hail it rattled on the roof,
The blast came down the chimney mouth,
Wi' hideous roar,
And, in its raving wild career,
Now here, now there, in front and rear,
Dang wide the door.

III.

"Oh! grously Winter! auld dour chiel,
At your dread coming naught I feel
But dool and fear;
Fell mower o' the human race,
I wish I might na see your face,
This hunder year!

IV.

"What brings you here, auld gousty carle,
Making our banes wi' aches to dirl,
Drawing our tears?
In sooth your reign we canna thole,
Sae flee away to your North Pole,
Amang your bears.

V.

"We hear there is an unco clatter,
Ye've frozen every pipe o' water,
A bonny pliskie;
And if we have na soon a thaw,
I would na wonder ane and a'
Would take to whiskey."

VI.

I daunered up to shut the door,
For louder still the storm did roar,
When back I staggered;
As help'd in by a rushing blast,
The open door-way quick he passed,
In Winter swaggered.

VII.

Frae his auld shouthers down did fa'
A mantle o' the driven sna',
Like swan-down tippet,
For perriwig he had a fog,
Set jauntily upon his nob,
And nicely clippet.

VIII.

Lang icicles hung frae his chin,
His een were bleared, his mouth fa'en in,
He looked fu' wae;
His nose was red, his cheeks were blue,
His mottled legs o' every hue,
Were bare and blae.

IX.

"Gudeman," said he, "as I gaed past,
Your door was opened by a blast,
Ay gangs beside me,
And, oh! it gives me muckle pain,
To hear my subjects flout my reign,
And canna bide me.

X.

"Ye're just ane o' the senseless pack,
Misca's me sair behind my back,
Black be their fa'!
Sae I've, to vindicate my fame,
And clear frae spot my blemish'd name,
Gi'en you a ca'."

XI.

Thinks I, I maun the carle fleech,
For weel, gude certie, can he preach,
The cunning body;
Says I, "auld sir, just take a waff
O' that gude fire, we'll hae a laugh
Ower a drap toddy."

XII.

"Gudeman," said he, wi' tone sae snell,
"Think not with such as you I'll mell,
Or drain a tumbler,
Until I've shown baith far and wide,
That ye deserve a weel-pay'd hide,
Ye senseless grumbler."

XIII.

"Wi' friendly hand and tender care,
I send my storms to clear the air,
And raging flood;
To wisest purposes they tend,
And may you find that in the end,
They're for your good."

XIV.

"I mind, alas! the days of old,
When men were hardy, brave, and bold,
Nor feared my rigour,
Who would o' snaw their pillow make,
Nor ever think to grane or quake,
So strong their vigour"

XV.

"But now, ye are a feckless race,
There's hardly ane can 'bide my face,
Though happ'd wi' claise;
Ye are unlike these men of might,
Whose arms were powerful in the fight.
Ay! these were days."

XVI.

"I mind me oft how blythe and sweet,
The leddies fear'd na me to meet
On causeway's crown;
Wi' wee made cloaks, and elbows bare,
Silk mittens on their arms sae fair,
And scrimpit gown."

XVII.

"But now the misses look sae gauy,
As they sail by wi' air sae saucy,
Smoor'd to the nose;
Wi' boas, tippets, cloaks, and muffis,
Lang veils, and nicely crimpit ruffis,
And Shetland hose."

XVIII.

"Poets and lovers make a fraise
About the Summer's golden days,
And sunny bowers;
And haver about buzzing bees,
And meadows green, and waving trees,
And blushing flowers."

XIX.

"But certie they would look gay queer,
Were Sol to rule through a' the year,
Their skins to roast;
They'd glad exchange their bees, and bowers,
Their shrubs, and plants, and fragrant flowers,
For clinking frost."

XX.

"Suppose, gudeman, I took the gee,
And no set foot ayont the sea,
Whare a' your joys?
Ay, whare would be your skaiting, curling,
Your sliding, snawba's, and your hurling,
And heartsome plays?"

XXI.

"From Arthur's Seat, I oft did watch,
To see the merry curling match;
Aft at their dinners
I've seen the round of beef and greens
Encircled by a band of friends,
Losers and winners."

XXII.

"And whiles, upon the Calton Hill
I lang hae stood, and laughed my fill,
Till shook my shanks,
To see the school-boys at their plays,
And far ower scant my longest days
For a' their pranks."

XXIII.

Auld Winter, brimming wi' vexation,
Was here cut short in his narration,
For sic a din
Got up—a perfect hobblesheew,
For wife and weans, a merry crew,
Came thronging in."

XXIV.

Cauld Winter would nae langer sit.
"Certie," said he, "it's time to flit;
My loudest blast
Is naething to a woman's tongue."
And, saying this, awa' he flung,
And out he past."

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LV.—A PRIVATE GENTLEMAN OBSTINATELY RESISTS BEING MADE A KING.

We take this narrative of one of Lucien Bonaparte's throne-refusing encounters with his brother, from the 'Memoirs of Madame d'Abrantes,' who said she had heard corresponding statements of it from two quarters, both in perfect accordance. That such passages, sometime or other, must have taken place between the brothers, is clear enough; and the core of the romance remains unquestionable,—viz. that Lucien did prefer his independence and his poetry to a crown,—with what judgment we have all seen by the event! His romance turned out to be the highest proof of his good sense. His world of books contained, after all, a larger and nobler world than Napoleon could hope to conquer; and there, among his treasures, he is found still ruling his magical domain of fancy and domestic peace, while the soldier is in his narrow grave.

"We were informed one morning that the Emperor had set out at four o'clock on a journey, the object and destination of which were alike impensurable. Yet Italy was the only direction which he could have taken, and, in fact, the principal, though latent, motive of this journey was a reconciliation with Lucien. The Emperor was at length convinced, or rather he had never doubted, that, of all his brothers, Lucien alone could understand and act in concert with him. But Lucien was far from condescending, and the Emperor, who knew his character, was resolved himself to see and converse with him; the brothers consequently gave each other the meeting at Mantua.

Lucien arrived about nine at night in a travelling carriage with M. Boyer, cousin-german of his first

wife, and the Count de Chatellon, a friend who resided with him.

'Do not put up; I shall probably return to night,' said Lucien, as he alighted to join his brother.

I have heard the particulars of this extraordinary interview from two quarters, both in perfect accordance.

Napoleon was walking in a long gallery with Prince Eugene, Murat, and Marshal Duroc. He advanced to meet his brother, and held out his hand with every appearance of cordiality. Lucien was affected. He had not seen the Emperor since the day of Austerlitz; and, far from being jealous of the resplendent blaze of his brother's glory, as it now passed before his mental vision, his noble heart heaved with tumultuous joy. For some moments he was incapable of speaking. At length having expressed to Napoleon his pleasure in this meeting, the Emperor made a signal, and the rest of the party withdrew.

'Well, Lucien,' said Napoleon; 'what are your projects? Will you at last go hand in hand with me?'

Lucien regarded him with astonishment, for inquiries about his projects addressed to him who never indulged in any, appeared most strange.

'I form no projects,' replied he at length. 'As for going hand in hand with your Majesty, what am I to understand by it?'

An immense map of Europe lay rolled up on a table before them; the Emperor seized it by one hand, and throwing it open with a graceful action, said to Lucien,—

'Choose any kingdom you please, and I pledge you my word, as a brother and an Emperor, to give it you, and to maintain you in it—for I now ride over the head of every king in Europe. Do you understand me?'

He stopped, and looked expressively at Lucien.

'Lucien, you may share with me that sway which I exercise over inferior minds; you have only to pursue the course that I shall open to you, for the establishment and maintenance of my system, the happiest and most magnificent ever conceived by man; but to insure its execution I must be seconded, and I can only be seconded by my own family: of all my brothers, only yourself and Joseph can efficiently serve me. Louis is an obstinate fool, and Jerome a mere child without capacity. My hopes, then, rest chiefly in you; will you realize them?'

'Before this explanation is carried further, I ought to advertize you,' said Lucien, 'that I am not changed; my principles are still the same as in 1799 and 1803. What I was on my curule chair on the 18th Brumaire, I am at this moment beside the Emperor Napoleon. Now, brother, it is for you to consider how you will proceed.'

'You talk absurdly,' said Napoleon, shrugging his shoulders. 'New times should give a new direction to the ideas. You have chosen a proper opportunity, truly, to come here and rave of your Utopian republic! You must embrace my system, I tell you; follow my path, and to-morrow I make you the chief of a great people. I acknowledge your wife as my sister. I crown her as well as you. I make you the greatest man in Europe next to myself, and I restore you my intire friendship, my brother;' added he, lowering the emphatic tone in which he had just uttered the preceding sentences, to that soft and caressing accent I have never heard but from his lips, and which makes the heart vibrate to its mellow and powerful chords. This man was altogether seducing. Lucien loved him,—he started as he listened, and grew pale.

'I do not sell myself,' said he, in an agitated voice. 'Hear me, my brother, listen to me; for this is an important hour to both of us. I will never be a prefect. If you give me a kingdom, I must rule it according to my own notions, and, above all, in conformity with its wants. The people whose chief I may be shall have no cause to execrate my name. They shall be happy and respected; not slaves, as the Tuscans and all the Italians are. You yourself cannot desire to find in your brother a pliant sycophant, who for a few soft words would sell you

the blood of his children; for a people, after all, is but one large family, whose head will be held responsible by the King of Kings for the welfare of all its members.'

The Emperor frowned, and his whole aspect proclaimed extreme dissatisfaction.

'Why then, come to me?' said he at last, angrily; 'for if you are obstinate, so am I, and you know it; at least as obstinate as you can be. Humph! Republic! You are no more thinking of that than I am; and besides, what should you desire it for? You are like Joseph, who bethought himself the other day of writing me an inconceivable letter, coolly desiring I would allow him to enter upon kingly duties. Truly nothing more would be wanting than the re-establishment of the papal tribute.'

And shrugging his shoulders, he smiled contemptuously.

'And why not,' said Lucien, 'if it conduced to the national interests? It is an absurdity, I grant; but, if it was beneficial to Naples, Joseph would be quite right in insisting upon it.'

A variety of motions rapidly succeeded each other on Napoleon's countenance. He paced the gallery with a hurried step, repeating in an accent that evinced strong internal perturbation, 'Always the same! always the same!' Then turning suddenly to his brother, and stamping on the marble floor, he exclaimed with a thundering voice,—

'But once more, sir, why then did you come to meet me? Why these endless contentions? You ought to obey me as your father, the head of your family; and, by heavens, you shall do as I please.'

Lucien was now growing warm, and all the discretion he had summoned to his aid was beginning to evaporate.

'I am no subject of yours,' cried he, in his turn, 'and if you think to impose your iron yoke upon me, you are mistaken; never will I bow my head to it; and remember—hearken to my words, remember what I once told you at Malmaison.'

A long, alarming, almost sinister silence succeeded this burst of generous indignation. The two brothers faced each other, and were separated only by the table on which lay that Europe, the sport of Napoleon's infatuated ambition. He was very pale, his lips compressed, the almost livid complexion of his cheek revealing the tempest within, and his eyes darting glances of fury at Lucien, whose noble countenance must have shown to great advantage in this stormy interview, which was to decide his future fate; nor his alone, but perhaps that of Europe, for who shall conjecture what might have happened, had this really superior man been king of Spain, of Prussia, or of Poland. The Emperor was the first to break silence; he had mastered his passion, and addressed his brother with calmness:

'You will reflect on what I have told you, Lucien; night brings counsel. To-morrow I hope to find you more reasonable, as to the interests of Europe at least, if not your own. Good bye, and good night to you, my brother.'

He held out his hand. Lucien, whose heart was susceptible to every kindly impression, and whose reflections at that moment were of a nature powerfully to awaken them, took his brother's offered hand, and grasped it affectionately between both of his as he reiterated 'Good bye, and a good night to you, my brother—Adieu.'

'Till to-morrow!' said the Emperor.

Lucien shook his head, and would have spoken, but was unable; then opening the door, he rushed from the apartment, re-ascended the carriage, where his friends awaited him, and immediately quitted Mantua.

The brothers met no more till the hour of Napoleon's adversity.

The scene at Malmaison, to which Lucien alluded in this interview, took place shortly before the empire was proclaimed, when Napoleon's intentions were already known to his family, and disappointed in finding himself deceived in his calculations on making Lucien one of his powerful lieutenants, served to widen the breach which the latter's mar-

riage had produced. Lucien who had hoped to see the happy days of the forum restored, and could now only look for those of Augustus, was vehement in his reproaches; accused the Emperor of being faithless to him, and of violating his word; in short, the discussion ended in an open quarrel.

'You are determined to destroy the republic!' said the enraged Lucien; 'well, assassinate her, then;—mount your throne over her murdered remains and those of her children—but mark well what one of those children predicts: This empire, which you are erecting by force, and will maintain by violence, will be overthrown by violence and force, and you yourself will be crushed, thus!' and seizing a screen from the mantel-piece, he crushed it impetuously in his hand, which trembled with rage. Then, as if still more distinctly to mark his resentment, he took out his watch dashed it on the ground, and stamped upon it with the heel of this boot: 'Yes—crushed ground to powder, thus.'

THE CAT BY THE FIRE, AND PICTURES IN ONE'S ROOM.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

MY DEAR MR EDITOR,—As a constant and delighted reader of the LONDON JOURNAL, I can no longer resist the inclination I have hitherto felt to assure you how eagerly expected, and *feastingly* perused by me, are the admirable leading articles of your Journal. Do not think I am insensible to the value of former and more erudite papers, when I declare your 'Cat by the Fire,' and 'Put up a Picture in your Room,' to be the two I love best. The former is a series of pictures itself—pictures of the best and dearest kind, of home, and English home-comforts and enjoyments. You will not lay aside your wonted kindness to laugh at me for an old *Tubby* myself, when I confess that my eyes grew dim while reading your portraits of Pussy, for my rug has not now "a cat to it"—my old favourite is dead: he was given to me when he was a kitten, and I a child as playful. Poor Tom! many a game of romps have we had together, and for many a meat-stealing, and pigeon-killing misdemeanour have I, by tears and entreaties, gained thy pardon! I and my cat were faithful companions for ten years; and now, "I could have better spared some nobler friend." If busily engaged in writing, and neglectful of Pussy's gentle hints for notice, he would leap on the table behind my desk, and sit, peeping over the lid, with a look of staid and important gravity worthy of Minerva's owl, until espying a tempting feathered pen among the writing apparatus, after a few preparatory nods and aim-takings, bounce came my unruly companion among my scattered MSS., and with curving paw and frisking tail sent discomfited literature to the right-about. My cat was a sagacious cat, a gentle, docile, affectionate cat, and the finest and handsomest cat in the parish. Oh! a thousand thanks for your 'Cat by the Fire!'

'Put up a Picture in your Room.' Now, my dear Mr Editor, if you could for one moment look into the "sanctum" of your present Correspondent, a glance would prove how perfectly we coincide in opinion on this head. Yet am I no rich picture-collector, with money at the command of every covetous feeling—no resident in an old Baronial mansion, with dozens of courtier-ancestors looking out of their carved frames and elaborate big wigs. No; I am a poor, literature-loving artist, "in a small way," whose (almost) only inducement to the profitable exercise of her own pencil, is the desire to possess transcripts of the glorious works of greater ones; and, in some instances, my own *small* proficiency has served me, when an opportunity offered, of copying in miniature a picture which pleased or interested me. Yet to your admirable remarks on the utility and luxury of "putting up pictures in one's room," do I owe much of the gratification my little studio now yields me. Being a great admirer of the beauty and grace of Lawrence's heads (though my present estimate of him as a great painter falls short of what it was), I have many of his fair creations around me; but, for the most part, they fail of exciting thoughts or feel-

ings beyond themselves, and therefore have little interest for "this present writing." I made a copy of a lovely portrait of Henrietta-Maria, Queen of Charles the First, from the original by Lely. This recalls an eventful era of our history; and as I seldom find myself the worse for such contemplations, I see the advantage of having pictures in my room. Donna Maria of Portugal, after Lawrence, occupies a place corresponding to the fair Henrietta, and as representing the *present*, may also serve as a useful memorandum. Were I to touch upon *politics*, "I could a tale unfold" of my triumphant return home one evening lately, with an engraving of "The Durham" in my muff, which, in a few minutes after, secured by a frame of English heart of oak, was placed above a bas-relief of Napoleon on horseback, the gift of a near and valued friend. If I would be ideally delighted, I turn and gaze on Hamlet—Lawrence's *Kemble-Hamlet*—and, "Alas, poor Yorick!" with all of that superb scene echoes in my ears; and with a graver tone, and thoughtful brow, I exclaim—"To this complexion we must come at last!" Shakspeare again—but how different! I love the wild poetic imaginings of the eccentric Fuseli, and here, in his 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' I have his Titania and Bottom, surrounded by a host of merry elves frisking and frolicking and whirling about. Oh 'tis a mad sight!" (Did not somebody say this of a cat and valerian?)

Now, over my chiffonier (a pretty name enough for a moveable mahogany cupboard), is an oval frame, divers times regit and "done up" since first tenanted by its now faded occupant, a group of flowers, worked in coloured silks on white satin—the production of my good mamma, when the paragon of little sempstresses at school. What a series of reflections awake here! The schoolmaster had not then gone abroad (nor was he often found at home). The young ladies of that day had no *LONDON JOURNALS*—no 'Penny Magazines'—no 'Lectures on Education,'—though many [on cookery and curtesy,]—and often has my good mother related to me how, when only seven years old, she walked the *minuet de la cour* with her dancing-master at the annual ball, dressed in a frock covered with her own embroidery. Alas! for the young eyes of that day! But I am almost forgetting my largest picture, and, indeed, the only painting in oil I now possess,—the old family picture of my mamma, a pretty demure-looking damsel of eight, drawing a child's carriage, with one little brother in it, and another pushing behind. The painting is good, and as a memorandum of costume alone it is interesting—but I remember so many oft-told tales of the time when this mighty work was done, that I reverence my old picture. But to enumerate *all* the inhabitants of my study would occupy a small volume. I count about forty pictures, many in handsome frames, some in plain frames, and a few without frames at all. Flowers, painted from nature by myself, recall the blue skies and bright days of summer, when the bees and butterflies came in at the open window, and, caressingly touching my fair models, seemed to approve the selection I had made. A copy in Indian ink of a beautiful moonlight sea-piece, (from an expensive mezzotint plate,) serves as a slight memory of my favourite scene;

"The restless, vast, illimitable sea."

(Now am I not a famous disciple of your school?) But I have as yet no landscape; and it is my favorite subject in painting, but my own *original* efforts in that line do not go beyond a sketch of scenes I visit, though I succeed tolerably in etching them afterwards. I contemplate the acquisition of the two superb landscapes just published after Constable—are they not beautiful? And though most humble in the scale of *art*, yet, to *affection*, how precious are the resemblances I have succeeded in gaining of friends—some now far, far away—and some, at rest!

Then my sanctum is crammed with *clanjamphry* of all kinds—casts, stuffed birds and shells, gifts from distant climes, and a modestly-stocked book-

case, containing one treasure worth all the rest—a genuine copy of the first folio Shakspeare, untainted by Malone or his villanous whitewash.

Now, dear Mr Editor, are you satisfied that the writer of this rambling, gossiping "long yarn," is a fit and proper reader of the *LONDON JOURNAL*? In anxious expectation and reliance on the fulfilment of your promise anent being extremely brilliant and entertaining next year, with all the good old English *wishing* of this festive season, believe me,

Dear Mr Editor,

Your congenial and constant Reader,

LAURA LATIMER.

December 24, 1834.

EDUCATION OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

[Conclusion of the Second Chapter of Mr Simpson's 'Necessity of Popular Education as a National Object.']

CONTENTS:—FALSE MORALITY OF CLASSICS—BARBARISM OF THE ANCIENTS—SCIENTIFIC STUDIES—SCIENCE OF MAN, PHYSIOLOGICAL, MENTAL, AND MORAL, A BLANK IN EDUCATION.

BUT this is not all that may be said on the head of the morality of the classics; there is another view of this topic deeply affecting the weal of society. Morality is placed by the classical authors upon a false and anything but a Christian basis; and yet they are most strenuously advocated by the clergy, especially in England, as the most appropriate discipline for the youthful mind. This is evidently the result of the habit of not inquiring into the nature and consistency of long-established customs. As part of an education professedly Christian, admiration of the ancient heathens is worked up almost to idolatry in the student: their natural selfishness and injustice, called patriotism, are positively recommended as the noblest objects of imitation; the history of their murderous aggressive wars, rapine, and martial glory, is listened to with delight, and made in mimic essay, the pastime of the play-ground of every grammar-school; the sensuality and profligacy that defiles, sometimes with nameless abomination, the pages of the satirical and other poets, which, countenanced for a moment, would meet with and merit stoning by the populace, nay the immoralities of the mythological pantheon itself, as a subject of study in a Christian country, have all, as stated exercises for our youth, afforded matter of amazement to those who perceive moral distinctions, and are accustomed to observe and think consistently. A different standard of morals, another rule of right and wrong, seems by habit to be applied to those privileged tribes of the ancient world, than is acknowledged, theoretically at least, in regard to the modern; so that sensuality, selfishness, injustice, rapacity, cruelty, and crime, are, in the first, not only passed over as of a different specific gravity from what they count for now-a-days, but are pressed upon the opening faculties as the constituents of moral grandeur and practical virtue! This essential barbarism recoils dreadfully on society: Christianity itself is overborne by a spurious morality imbibed from the ancient authors, and society continues selfish, sensual, and belligerent. It is high time that truth were looked in the face, and the world disabused of this superstition, which has too long survived the popish; when a higher moral education shall have taken the bandage from our eyes, it will cease to raise a shout of wonder and scorn to predicate that, morally viewed, the Greeks and Romans were barbarians from the first to the last hour of their history, and that in their own barbarism they were finally extinguished. It will tend to reconcile the reader to this apparently bold thesis, if it should chance to be new to him, to distinguish between the admitted civilization, and the essential barbarism of the ancients. These communities passed through many stages of social progress. The human intellect never developed itself more brilliantly. In no age or nation have men of more splendid talents appeared—more gifted statesmen, more lofty orators, more graphic historians, more ingenious philosophers,

more consummate generals, more able lawyers, more sublime poets, more exquisite artists, and, considering the state of physical science, more skilful mechanicians. Their cities were models of architectural grace and symmetry; their ways and aqueducts were stupendous; their temples, their theatres, their palaces, have no parallels in modern times. Elegance and luxury were carried to their very acme among them. The Roman armies were the most tremendous engines of human power ever produced by human combination. The description given by Josephus, of the army which invaded Judea and destroyed Jerusalem, impresses us with the idea of the art-military improved to its *ne plus ultra* in discipline, tactics, promptitude, and co-operation, as if it had been one complicated, yet simply and irresistibly acting machine of iron and steel. We are accustomed to associate all that is graceful with Greece, and all that is powerful with Rome; we were early told that the world was refined by the one, and prostrated by the other; we were trained from boyhood almost to worship their books, and the very languages in which they are written; we are familiar with venerable institutions and vast endowments in our own island, for the study of these languages alone, while Greek and Roman wisdom, valour, patriotism, and virtue, have been to us as household words. It is time for us to try all this by another standard, and one which, had we been educated on right principles, we would have applied long ago. The barbarism of the ancients may be summed up in a word,—CHRISTIAN MORALITY WAS UNKNOWN IN GREECE AND ROME. Mercy and justice did not form the foundation or the actuating principle of their institutions, their policy, or their private life. The virtue of their republics was mere self-exaltation, called patriotism, which was accompanied with gross injustice and cruelty to all other nations; while a pampered appetite for military glory, and a systematic grasping ambition, produced almost perpetual war for conquest and plunder, with all the horrors and miseries of that worst form of crime. The Roman share in these wars, with a few exceptions of retributive invasions by the more powerful victims of their injustice, was exclusively aggressive. The nation, and every individual of which it was composed, either joined in, or heartily sympathised with, these grand outrages of moral principle. Hence war, bloodshed, pride, ambition, with an insatiable rapacity, formed the basis of the Roman character, actuated their policy, controlled their education, and constituted their very being. This is what is meant by Roman barbarism. It differed from the savage state only in the extended intellect and improved combinations which enlarged its range, and increased its power of evil. Poets sung its atrocities as the summit of human glory,—for there is no greater test of barbarism than blindness to its own features, and the mistake of its crimes for virtues; orators lauded the deeds of blood and rapine, in which sometimes as soldiers they had borne a part, and listening senates hung upon their lips, as they fed to fulness the coarsest appetites of national vanity and selfishness. Historians were ready, in their turn, to record in their imperishable pages, the proud crimes of their countrymen; and philosophers systematised a spurious virtue out of the inferior impulses of human nature. Such was the actual national practice from the days of Romulus to those of Constantine. We do not find that even the sage philosophers themselves condemned, and we are left to suppose they countenanced and witnessed, the savage scenes of the amphitheatre, where Pompey slaughtered 500 lions, and Trajan 11,000 wild beasts, and 5000 gladiators, to glut the Roman delight in blood. Whole days were spent in these theatres by the citizens of all ranks, witnessing the combats of men and beasts with breathless interest, and feasting their eyes with torture and death. The custom continued to debase and brutalize the people for centuries. Certainly, there never existed on earth a more sanguinary race than the admired Romans. This thirst of blood added to gross sensuality, and the corruption which arose out of and ministered to it, the falsehood and dishonesty which characterized public and private life, were barbarism in the midst of all the gorgeous

ness of physical, luxurious, and literary civilisation. Morally, the Romans, and not less the Greeks, were uncivilised, and as the course of the selfish faculties which swayed them is downwards, they gradually sank and ultimately perished.

* The talent bestowed on classical pursuits is sometimes such as would master the sciences and extend their range. The prize list of a great grammar-school often presents wonderful productions of difficulty and labour. The efforts at College are still more herculean, and health and life are not seldom sacrificed in making them.

The grammar-school finished about fifteen, the acquisition of useful practical knowledge may even yet be made, though under great disadvantages. But the feast which Nature spreads is especially withheld from the devoted youth destined to the classical glories of College. Special, laborious, and expensive care is taken to exclude the chance of his picking up even stray knowledge, by engaging him engrossingly in pursuits which lead away from it. When finished at school, he is said to be "prepared for College," and it is the greatest boast of a grammar-school, that its pupils are well fitted for this advancement, and become renowned for bearing away the University honours. Now "College," in the sense alluded to, does not mean the attainment of physical and moral science, the knowledge of Creation as revealed in the works of God; it means more yet of the dead languages, more yet of these standards of science and morality, the Greeks and Romans; it means advancement in the "higher classics;" a greater elevation still above all vulgar studies which are to be of practical use in the attainment of good and the avoidance of evil in after life.* The school keeps an eye upon its former alumni, and glories in their triumphs in the dead languages, in the rank they take at College, the *scholarships*, the fellowships they achieve. Nay, this is not all, the school preposterously claims to itself the credit of the whole future fame and fortune of its quondam pupil, the whole fruits of that education which he subsequently gave himself, and which the time he wasted within its walls only postponed; while his Greek and Latin have not only contributed nothing to his advancement, but have been most probably almost entirely forgotten by him. There is no part of this solemn mockery of intellectual cultivation more tantalizing than the fact, that classical honours are borne away by efforts, not in the direct, but the inverse ratio of the value of the attainments rewarded. Ambition performs feats almost incredible; it furnishes an impulse which makes light and pleasurable tasks which, without it, would be an intolerable grievance. The literary performances are often of great merit, and were they not *all*, were they an elegant surplage to practical wisdom and useful knowledge, they would be so much gained, an additional grace well worth possessing. But when they are all the hard earnings of the noonday and the midnight,—when the same time, talent, and labour, properly directed, would have rewarded the young student with an extent of knowledge, accomplishment, and resource, which few by their own efforts subsequently attain,—we can only account for the dead languages continuing for another day to occupy so long exclusively the seat of education, by reflecting that the men who suffer its continuance were once boys, whom it at one and the same time cheated of sound knowledge, and entrenched in impregnable prejudice.†

* The term *higher classics* recalls a mode of reasoning adopted by scholars to silence the gainsayer on the score of his incompetency. They tell him he is out of his depth when he questions the supremacy of classical literature, it being the privilege of few to attain to a knowledge of its exquisite beauties and perfections. The first answer to this is, that there could not be a stronger reason for forswearing the custom of wasting, on such a pursuit, the time of the *many*; while the second is a challenge to point out any passage in any author, Greek or Latin, which, saving always a certain felicity of expression, may not be given in English, to all the effect it possesses of delighting or improving the thinking or feeling faculties of man.

† As these strictures will very probably be objected to, as referring to grammar-schools as they were, and written in ignorance of the improvements now introduced into them,

If all this shall appear to be strongly stated, if it shall excite, as it will no doubt do, angry feelings, in those attached to the classics by habit and by fame, and angrier still in those linked to them by interest, the writer has two grounds of deprecation: First, he abjures all personal feeling in his strictures on a system of centuries. He knows the talent and the worth of many of his advocates and retainers; to some of them he is closely bound by the ties of friendship and affection. He remembers, with almost filial respect, the venerable men, now no more, who were his kind and sincere instructors; respects the existing generation of classical teachers; and so far is he from wishing to affect their patrimonial status, that he would be the first to compensate them for the loss occasioned to them by the adoption of a system of education more in harmony with the age, and more consistent with the nature and faculties of man.

Secondly, the author claims the shelter from their displeasure of names, which they will certainly join him in venerating. Milton has these words: "Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasant and so unsuccessful. First, we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year*"; and that which casts our proficiency so much behind is, our time lost in too oft idle vacancies given both to schools and universities, partly in *preposterous exaction* from the empty wits of children, to compose *theses, verses, and orations*, which are the acts of ripest judgment." In another place, Milton says, "Though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft this world into, yet, if he has not studied the *solid things* in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother-dialect only."

Locke, 'On Education,' says, "Would not a Chinese, who had notice of our way of breeding, be apt to imagine, that all our young gentlemen were designed to be teachers and professors of the dead languages of foreign countries, and not to be men of business in their own?" Again, the same author says (for he reprobates the practice in several passages), "But though the qualifications requisite to trade and commerce, and the business of the world, are seldom or never to be got at grammar-schools, yet thither not only gentlemen send their younger sons intended for trades, but even tradesmen and farmers fail not to send their children, though they have neither intention nor ability to make them scholars. If you ask them why they do this?

it was thought desirable to obtain some of the recent reports and prize lists which are statedly published by the more important of these seminaries, and all that I have seen indicate as yet paramount the old subjects of study and competition. It is worthy of remark, too, that the improvements claimed are neither more nor less than partial introductions of the very useful knowledge now advocated; in other words, partial displacements of Greek and Latin. In the two great seminaries of Edinburgh, the High School and Academy, there is considerable improvement in this way; but both establishments put their scholarship foremost in their appeal to the public. We find prizes for "best Grecian, best Greek prose, best Greek verses, best Latin verses;" and themes written by boys of fourteen, when the faculties are unfit for the subjects, which it would task the powers of the ablest tacticians, politicians, and philosophers to deal with, such as "Was the attack of Saguntum by Hannibal, and the invasion of Italy, justifiable on the reasons which he alleges?—Which was the ablest general, Caesar or Hannibal?—On the progress and decline of commercial nations?—Whether was Livy or Herodotus the most correct historian?—On the progress of mankind from barbarism to civilization and refinement.—Whether is aristocracy or democracy ultimately more dangerous to public liberty?—On the manners of the heroic ages," &c. It will astonish a more rationally educated age than our own, that the most enlightened men of the second quarter of the nineteenth century were satisfied with *this* as the fruit of seven years' labours in their sons; well aware, at the same time, from their own experience, that the self-education, which is to fit for active life, has yet to begin after all the prizes for long and laborious scholastic trifling have been awarded, and all the applauses bestowed.

* On saving time, and other matters, see Letter from Mr Cunningham, head master of the Edinburgh Institution for Languages, &c. App. No. IV. :

they think it as strange a question as if you should ask them why they go to church? Custom serves for reason, and has, to those that take it for reason, so consecrated this method that it is almost religiously observed by them; and they stick to it as if their children had scarce an orthodox education unless they learned 'Lilly's Grammar.'" A passage follows on the subject of the special oblivion of Greek: "How many are there of a hundred, even amongst scholars themselves, who retain the Greek they carried from school, or ever improve it to a familiar reading and perfect understanding of Greek authors?"*

Gibbon observes that "a finished scholar may emerge from the head of Eton or Westminster, in total ignorance of the business and conversation of gentlemen, in the latter end of the eighteenth century."

Adam Smith makes the remark, "That it seldom happens that a man, in any part of his life, derives any convenience or advantage from some of the most laborious and troublesome parts of his education."

Byron, on the authority of his biographer, Moore, was a bad Greek and Latin scholar at Harrow; hated the drudgery they imposed upon him, and acquired his copious, flexible, and splendid style by extensive English reading.

It is necessary to repeat the qualification of the whole argument,—for nothing is more apt to be forgotten by the advocates of classical studies,—that not a word which has been said can be perverted even to mean absolute hostility to Latin and Greek, to the length of banishing them utterly from education as a pursuit. The study of them (but at a more advanced stage of education, and for a moderate time, as advised by Milton) is necessary for the divine—who must add Hebrew,—the lawyer, and the physician. Nay, more, even the higher classics afford an object which will well reward the kind of genius which is fitted for the pursuit. What is contended for, is the rescue of our *intire* youth from the dead languages,—from the engrossing exclusiveness of that one object, during *all* the period when real knowledge is most naturally and beneficially attainable. It will at once occur to the reader that this qualification is precisely that which is likely to be most unwelcome to the teachers of the dead languages, whose emoluments depend upon the number of their pupils; but this cannot affect the truth of the distinction.

Our scientific studies are unexceptionably provided for at College. In all the branches of natural history, chemistry, and mechanical philosophy, we have the means offered us of the highest attainments. Suppose us to have completely mastered all these branches of physical science, the question remains, What is our access to the science of mind, or, more extensively, the science of Man? To physical man there exist ample means of being introduced; but anatomy and physiology are never dreamed of by any one not destined to the medical profession; the most highly educated gentleman knows as little about his own bodily frame, or its relations to external nature, as the most uninformed of the manual-labour class, and is nearly as ignorant of the conditions of health, though practically, and by habit more than principle, cleaner in his person and dwelling. But it is in the philosophy of mind that our universities present the grand blank.† Yet truth in this science must be arrived at before human affairs can be placed on a sound moral foundation. If it be undeniable, that the true guiding principle of human affairs can only be accordance of human affairs with human faculties, what must not be the extent of the evils which humanity suffers, when yet in ignorance or uncertainty as to the nature of these faculties? Can we wonder at the confliction in speculation and the confusion in action, which prevail around us? Above all, what title have we to expect that education—which is essentially the

* A singularly confirmatory letter from Dr Christison, present professor of Materia Medica in the University of Edinburgh, who obtained the highest honours for Greek, both at school and at college, and nevertheless has nearly forgotten that tongue, was lately published in Mr Combe's 'Lectures on Education.'

† Professor Dugald Stewart's confession on this head has been already referred to.

improvement of the human faculties, the guide to their right use, and the guard against that miserable abuse which far and wide embitters life—can be either theoretically or practically understood, when no two philosophers are agreed as to what the faculties are, and few writers on education have thought of appealing to them, or considered it necessary to take them into account at all in their speculations. But this branch of the subject will be treated more at large in the next chapter; the utmost object of this and the preceding will have been attained, if they shall tend to open our eyes not only to the desolate state of seven-eighths of our countrymen for lack of that knowledge which alone will enable them to co-operate in their own elevation, physical, moral, and intellectual, but not less to the imperfections of our own education, our ignorance of that imperfection, and, the natural result, our unfortunate apathy on the important subject.

TABLE TALK.

THE THREE RACANS.

ON the death of Montaigne, his adopted daughter, Mdlle. de Gournai, turned her attention to Racan, whom she only knew by his works. The desire of being acquainted with a poet so eminent, and so capable of judging of the merits of others, made her neglect no means of procuring a visit from him; and after some time she succeeded, and the day and hour were appointed. Two of the poet's friends, on being informed of it, seized the opportunity of playing a trick on the lady, and, about an hour previous to the appointed time, one of them appeared at her door, and introduced himself as M. de Racan. Who can do justice to his reception? He talked, and talked, and praised the works she had written, and thanked her for the knowledge they had given him; in short, used all his eloquence to flatter her into the belief that she was a prodigy. After about half an hour's conversation, he made his bow and departed, leaving his hostess very well pleased with M. de Racan. Scarcely had he left the house, when another M. de Racan was announced; and she, conceiving that her late visitor had forgotten something, rose up to receive him the more graciously, when the second friend entered, and made himself known as her appointed visitor. Mdlle. de Gournai was astonished; and, after cross examining the pretended poet, informed him of the guest she had just dismissed. The counterfeit Racan of course seemed greatly chagrined at the imposture, and vowed vengeance on the author of it, at the same time convincing the lady that he could be no other than the person he represented, by praising her and her works more outrageously than his predecessor. This second Racan at length quitted her, perfectly satisfied that he was the object of her invitation, and the former one an impostor. The door had scarcely closed upon him, when a third Racan, that is to say the real one, made his appearance, and then the lady lost all patience: "What, more Racans!" she screamed out. She then ordered him to be shown up stairs; and, on his entering her presence, demanded, in the greatest passion, how he dared to insult her so grossly. Racan, who was never very voluble of his tongue, was so astonished at this reception, that he could only answer by stuttering and stammering; and the lady, in the mightiness of her wrath, becoming at once persuaded, by his confusion, that he was an accomplice of her first visitor, took off her slipper, and made such good use of it on the poet's head, that he was glad to make a precipitate retreat.—[A Correspondent has favoured us with this anecdote from the 'Dictionnaire des Portraits Historiques.' A similar story, if our memory does not deceive us, is told of Rousseau,—probably a fact suggested by the former one.]

IMPORTANCE OF COOKERY.

EXPERIENCE has proved that cooking renders food really more nutritious; but to produce all the beneficial effects which it is capable of yielding, skill is required in its exercise. The difference

in the apparent quality of the same kinds of food, when prepared in dissimilar ways, is very striking. It is found, that the richness of a soup depends more upon a proper choice of the ingredients, than upon the quantity of solid nutritious matter employed; much more upon the skill of the preparer in concocting the whole, than upon the amount of money laid out in the purchase of materials; while its nutritive qualities are apparently in proportion to its agreeable flavour; thus affording an example of the old proverb that "whatever pleases the palate, nourishes." Since a very small quantity of solid food, when prepared properly, will satisfy hunger, and support life and health, men employed in the most laborious works may, by the art of cookery, be nourished on a comfortable and varied diet, at a very trifling expence. It is supposed, that by a proper attention to the culinary preparation of food, and to the economy of fuel during the process, the expences for the subsistence of a family, especially that of a labouring man, might be diminished nearly one half.—*Household Year Book.*

THE MISSELTOW.

THE mode of propagation of the 'misseltow' was long a subject of controversy. It was formerly considered to be an excrescence from the tree on which it grew, and consequently produced without seed. In these days, however, we are in no danger of being led astray by the idea that it is a spontaneous production. The fact of its propagation from seed has been long established by conclusive experiments. Seeds inserted in the bark of the white poplar have germinated, and produced the plant: and in some experiments made in a garden at Knaresborough, by Mr Collins, large plants were obtained, upon dwarf apple-trees by rubbing the full ripe berries upon the smooth bark of the shoots. By this process, which may be performed upon the smooth bark of almost any tree, the seeds adhere closely by means of the glutinous pulp in which they are imbedded, and will produce plants the following winter. We are informed by Mr Lees, that he has attempted, without success, to plant the Misseltow on the oak in this country; but he attributes his failure, and probably with justice, to having selected a tree, the bark of which was rugged, for his experiments. Mr Dovaston has lately succeeded in producing it upon the oak, in a neighbouring country, under more favourable circumstances.—*The Analyst.*

—"The most insupportable company are those who are witty all day long.—*Seigné.*"

FINE ARTS.

Edwards's Botanical Register, or Ornamental Flower-Garden and Shrubbery. Continued by John Lindley, Ph. D. F.R.S., &c. James Ridgway and Sons.

VERY tidily got up, and very cheap. The defects in this publication, as we had occasion to observe in our notice last week of Curtis's Botanical Magazine, are in 'the colouring.' This we must at present put up with. We believe some endeavours are being made by certain spirited wood-engravers, to discover some method of printing colours at one pressing, and that they have realized some substantial promises of perfecting their attempts. If they ultimately succeed, they will find their services in great request.

A History and Description of the late Houses of Parliament and Ancient Palatial Edifices of Westminster. By John Britton, and Edward W. Brayley. John Weale. No. I.

A work which promises to be of minute and accurate research. The illustrations are elaborate and painstaking. It is perhaps hypercritical to remark that they are somewhat mechanical in the execution,—rather meagre in the effect. We see the bricks and mortar that remain of the Houses of Parliament, the damage they have suffered, but the grandeur of the buildings is hardly done justice to; we miss the expression of desolation, of dreariness and silence, which the glaring and roaring fire leaves behind it.

But after all, the most important point is achieved in the carefulness and accuracy with which the drawings are made; and in these respects there appears to be nothing wanting.

We take this opportunity of noticing another of Mr Brayley's works, called the 'Graphical and Historical Illustrator.' We took in several of the numbers, and tried to complete our set, but were unable. Since the completion of the volume, the work was sent to us, and we regretted extremely to hear that it had been found advisable to discontinue it, for it was a favourite of ours. Our neglect of it has been on our conscience some time. It is a pleasant traveller among the old buildings and legends of England, and deserves the regret of the lovers of literature and romance as well as of the mere antiquary.

MUSIC.

The Honey-suckle, Rondo, for the Piano-forte. By Davison. Aldridge.

'THE' Honey-suckle,' addressed to Mrs Honey. Good names both, and very fit for a bowery and flowery composition. It is occasionally pretty, perfectly easy, and lying well for the hands. A pleasant exercise for young performers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE regret, for the sake of their graceful and genuine feeling, that we cannot insert the 'Lines by an Absent Husband on a Wife's Birth-day.' But if we did, we should have no excuse for the non-insertion of many contributions in verse, equally good and long.

'Hints for Table Talk,' No. V., next week.

Both of the articles of W. H. M. shall be inserted, if we can find room; but we fear his patience is not so abundant as his flow of remark; and matter presses on us so much since the new year, that we know not what to say to a great many Correspondents whom we respect. Even J. M. C. must make the best of this answer, for the present. And R. D., and A. M. P.

The paper of a fair Correspondent on 'Holly' came too late.

The 'Christmas Ball-room Announcements' of our most rhythmical indefatigable friend, Mr Wilson, come somewhat late in the season; but he is in advance with 'Saint Valentine,' and we cannot help hoping that a due attendance will encourage his dance, in honour of that lively saint, in which the letters forming his name are to be developed 'successively by fourteen young ladies.' J. A. M. next week.

S. H. E. (18 years of age) is in a fair way to become a sound thinker; and will by-and-by be glad that we agree with his modest doubt, as to the public value of his writings at present.

We must again postpone the sequel to 'Speculations of my Grandfather,' till next week.

We thank S. A. B. for his offer, but we know not what to do with the press of matter already in our possession. The book he speaks of is quite worthy its price. This Correspondent says,—"I was much pleased with your article to 'Put up a Picture in your Room,' and would observe, that the lawyer might have a portrait of Shakspeare in his room, as I think, from internal evidence, it cannot be doubted but that he was a lawyer. If you should be inclined to doubt this, I will send you a few extracts from his plays in support of my opinion."—Our Correspondent's opinion has been before maintained, and with much plausibility; at least so far as goes to show that Shakspeare must have had some initiation in a lawyer's office. There was a good article in particular upon it, in an early number (if we are not mistaken) of the 'Law Magazine.'

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